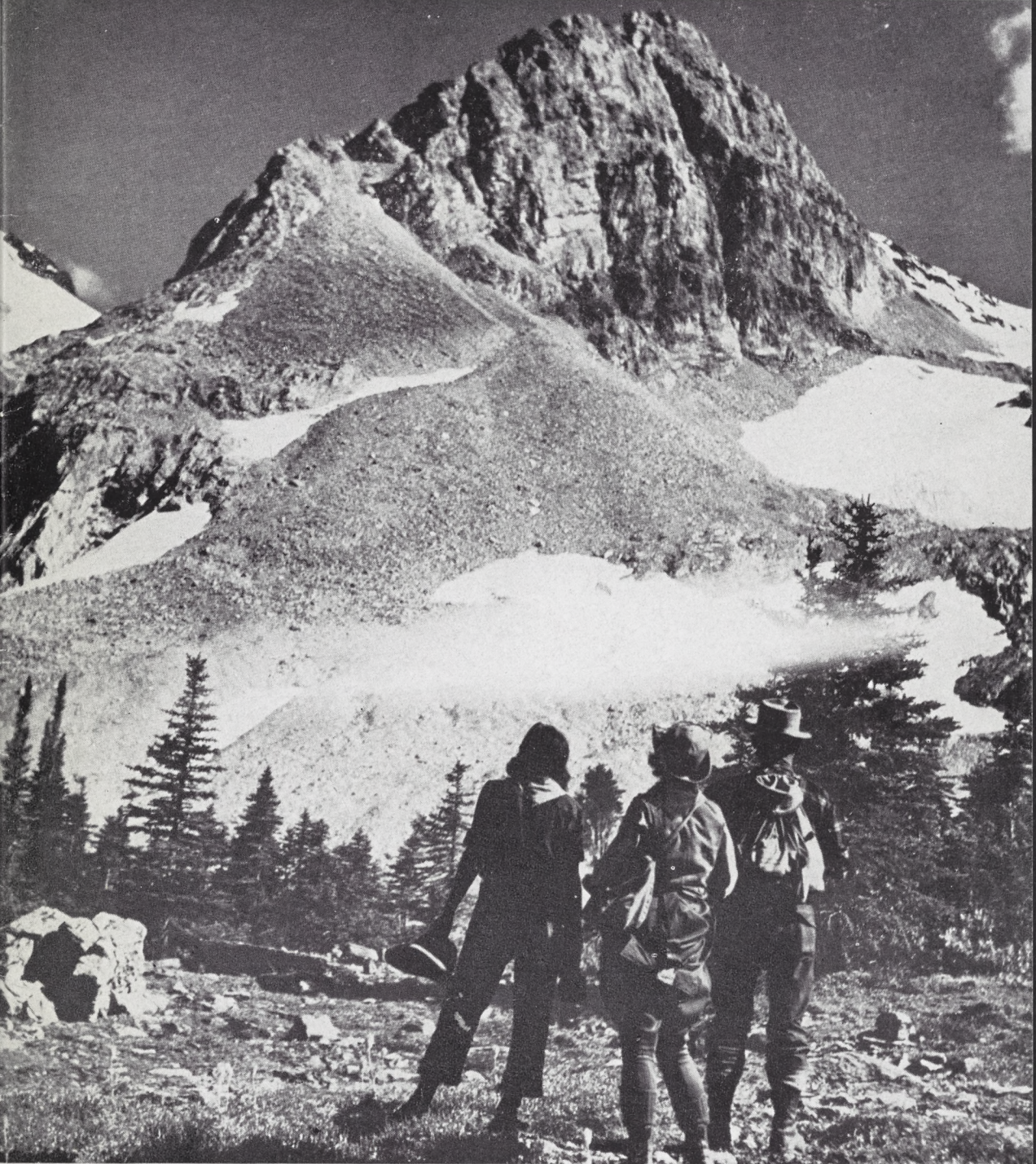


# *the Sky Line Trail*

SKY LINE TRAIL HIKERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Bulletin No. 49

NOVEMBER 1946



Homage to Mount President, Monarch of the Little Yoho

*Fred Laidlaw photo*



# *Sky Line Trail Hikers*

## OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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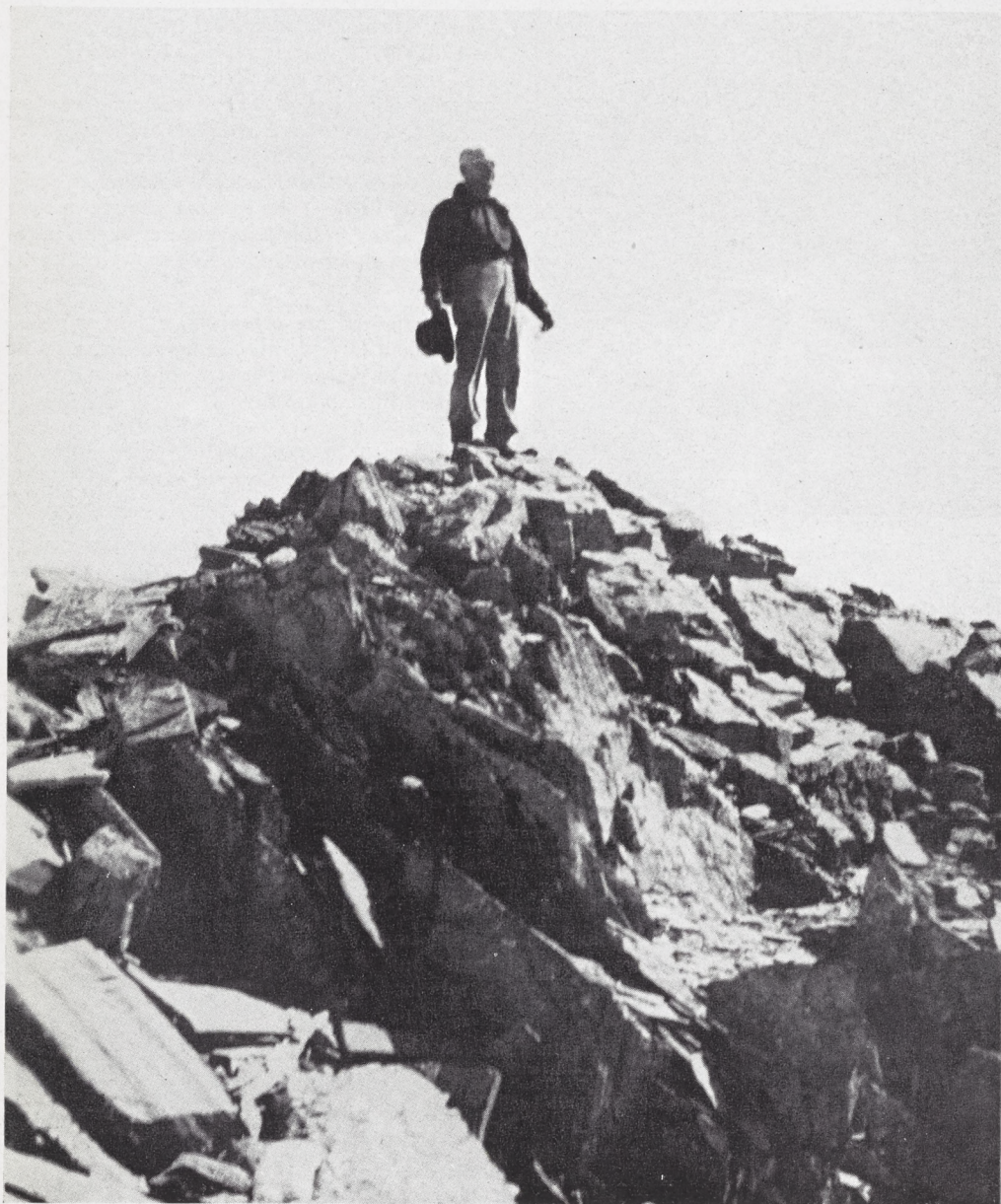
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# *the Sky Line Trail*

SKY LINE TRAIL HIKERS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



The new President on the Summit of Mount Kerr

*(Self Portrait)*



# Impressions of the Trail Hike...

by Jane Diverty, President Emerita



Jane Diverty in repose

The picturesque Little Yoho Valley campsite this year is one that will always be remembered. An ideal location was found with a crystal clear fast running stream in front of our teepees and snow-capped mountains forming the back drop of a glorious four-day setting. No, it isn't just the setting that makes for a wonderful Trail Hike. There was a grand group of outdoor people from all parts of the country. We enjoyed organized hikes each day which took us to sites of beauty beyond description, and the Hike to Twin Falls was over good trails and those who had never been to this end of the Yoho Valley are still troubled in finding adequate descriptive language. With its unusual setting, the Falls seems to come from nowhere but the sky as one looks up at it from the cabin at its base.

Our most spectacular hike was up and up Little Yoho to Kiwetinok Pass. Above the line and nestled at the foot of it Kiwetinok Lake, surrounded with snow, not only gave us a hike but a chance to make snow balls and to try our skiing ability. Some of the party attempted a bit of mountain work climbing Mt. Kerr and Mt. Whaleback.

Upon our return to camp it was always a welcome sight to see the painted teepees and smell the aroma of a grand dinner. Claude Brewster with his splendid assistants gave us superb meals throughout the entire trip.

Our campfires were enjoyed as the twilight of the evening set in upon us. It was wonderful to have Mr. Gibbon back with us this year and to learn that he is renewing his youth.

Your retiring President was mighty proud to head up such a grand group of over 60 "boys" and "girls". With ever abiding enthusiasm, full cooperation and good sportsmanship, it makes leadership a real joy. A report of this year's Sky Line Trail Hike should certainly be written in the glorious colors of the rainbow. Clear skies every day in the Little Yoho! That alone is a near miracle. Comfortable temperatures in this paradise of high alpine meadows and snowy peaks!

\* \* \*

The following are notes about Jane supplied by Marshall Diverty who, as her father, may be presumed to be an authority. She was too shy to supply these notes herself. (See next page)



Jane Diverty and a sample of what it takes for a comfortable hike

Photos by Marshall Diverty





Habituéés at the Cook Tent

JANE DIVERTY of Woodbury, New Jersey President of Sky Line Trail Hikers at its encampment in the Little Yoho during the summer of 1946.

Holidays in Canadian Rockies since 1932.

Joined Sky Line Trail Hikers in 1939 at its encampment at Summit Lake on Yoho Sky Line when Mrs. James Simpson was President.

Knows her trails from Kananaskis Ranch to

the Selkirks, having spent many of her summers exploring the country. She is a regular participant in the Trail Ride and after being on its executive committee for several years has more recently been elevated to a Vice-Presidency.

Upon completing her formal college education she followed her scientific inclinations and is now the medical technician to Dr. Hobart A. Reimann, Professor of Medicine at the Jefferson Medical College and Hospital of Philadelphia.



Teepee Camp on the Little Yoho

(G. C. Martin photos)



# SKY LINE IMPRESSIONS by PAULINE NIVEN

ARE you among those who like to camp out and yet are unable to hew wood and carry water unaided? If so, there is no better way of overcoming these difficulties than by joining the Skyline Trail Hikers and going out into the High Country.

Even before formal introductions are made around the fire on the first evening, that sense of being alone is ousted. At the meeting-place earlier, watching newcomers collect their dunnage, people who perhaps only a few minutes before were complete strangers, one considers that here are others who, like oneself, desire to get away from paved highways and traffic rules, who endure the impertinence of bull-dog flies and mosquitoes cheerfully and wade through icy water for the sheer joy of being actually and literally on the top of the world.

The Trail Hike just finished was an unqualified success, both as an outdoor experience and socially. On that question all agreed unanimously. The weather was perfect, there were no hitches, no cause for complaint unless it was at the speed with which tempus fugit or at the stubborn appetite that vanquished the effort to reduce. There may have been a few who lost weight but it seems improbable. Claude Brewster's capable staff and the mountain air worked together against any such accomplishment.

The first day's ascent from Yoho Bungalow Camp to the High Trail, under the care of Mr. Sydney Vallance (evidently a psychologist as well as a mountaineer) was a thrill, surprised as

we were by unexpected beauty at every step — sometimes by new views of Takakkaw across the main Valley and of the Daly Glacier, once by a bank of yellow columbines, hundreds of them covering a large area, all curtsying in a cool breeze as we passed. That day we were accompanied always by the sound of rushing streams, swollen by snows melting above in the hot sun.

But the highlight of the week-end for most of us was on the day when, led by Charles Lovell from Pasadena, we set off for Kiwetinok Pass. It meant an early start, for the morning promised to be hot, and it seemed advisable to get over the creeks when they were low, and up the steepest part before the sunrays became unbearable. An hour after leaving camp there was a halt when we encountered a hen ptarmigan with three chicks. A group of fascinated hikers waited and watched in breathless silence while Charley talked to the hen, his camera set and ready. He beckoned to her secretively, whispered to her enticingly until she drew slowly closer, her speckled family following with suitable caution. Soon other cameras were clicking. It was as if this usually shy bird, with the support of Mr. Lovell, was holding a reception among false heath and wintergreen, open house for the members of the Skyline Trail.

Kiwetinok Lake was the next excitement. It lies at the edge of the Pass, below sharp ragged peaks, not a tree near it, surrounded by large many-colored rocks and patches of moss-campion and saxifrage. Snow still lay in patches on the

banks. The color of the water was amazing: rich, blazing blue. There was no sign of life other than our own though further on, almost in the Pass, we saw bear tracks and prints made by goat hoofs.

Lunch finished, eleven intrepid people (apparently not satisfied with a mere walk and scramble across moraine) decided to go up Mount Kerr, a peak of 9,394 feet that years ago had been first climbed and explored by Whymper and a group of guides. These Skyline Hikers, anxious to live up to their name, set off with



Mount Niles and Mount Daly from the High Line Trail

(Jane Diverty photo)





Crossing a stream on the  
High Line Trail above the  
Little Yoho



Peter Vallance leads the  
procession



Crossing the Little Yoho  
above our Camp

(Photos by Frank Arnott)





**Timber on the Little Yoho** (Dr. Somerville photo)

Mr. Vallance while the rest of us turned towards camp by an easier route than that taken on the way up. Every now and then we would pause to look back, picking out the mountaineers with a sense of relief when they showed up against the unbelievable blue of the sky — relief and, perhaps, envy.

Then, opposite the ptarmigan residence, we met with a mild interruption. The river, so easily negotiated in the morning, had become a raging torrent. Some of us wandered upstream, some down, but there seemed to be no easy way of crossing until Charley Lovell, like the famous Paul Bunyan, appeared carrying a young tree which he had uprooted. This he

placed across the rushing water but it was not long enough to stretch from bank to bank so, undaunted, he withdrew to return with another sapling which he bore over his shoulder while balancing to midstream on the first—an insecure performance that many watched with awe. With his feet under water, but still maintaining his balance, he managed to place the second tree so that it touched the opposite side, then with the help of Frank Arnott and others he soon had a sort of bridge over which the young went blithely and the not so young less blithely. It took three men and several boys to get me over. In memory that rustic bridge assumes the proportions of a remarkable engineering feat.

By the time we had finished out supper, back in camp beside the Little Yoho, the mountaineers, all radiant, all safe, were down. Among them was Mr. Martin who, while standing innocently upon a small rock on the utmost peak, had entertained no suspicion that in the valley below a scheming group were electing him our President for the coming year. By the time he descended to common level his official position was assured and the following day he entered seriously upon his duties, succeeding the popular Jane Diverty as guide, mentor and friend. Jane, who presented her successor at the pow-wow on the last evening, then retired as it were into private life, having earned the gratitude of many for her helpful suggestions and good spirits on the trail.

Next day we came back to the the main Yoho Valley wishing we were all starting off over again, the richer for new interests, new friends, new aspirations, and determined to join them again next year — come sun and high water.



**Timberline at the end of the trail on the Little Yoho**

(Jane Diverty photo)





(G. C. Martin photo)  
Where there is no bridge — C. Lovell,  
Dr. Somerville and Mrs. D. Baron



(Dr. Somerville photo)  
Lower Bridge over the Little Yoho



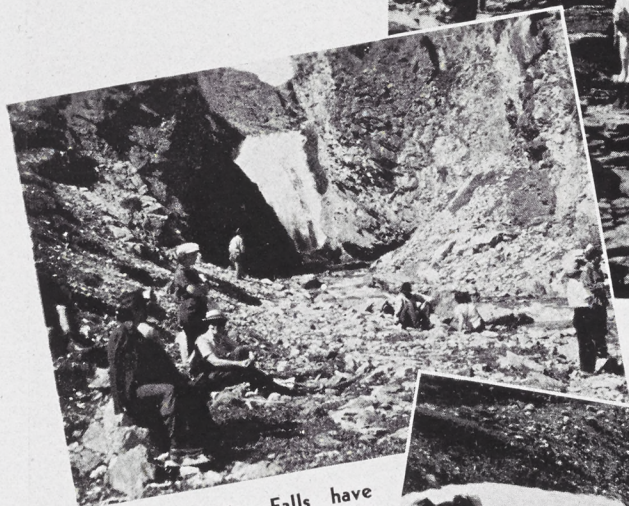
Little Beginnings of the Little Yoho

(Fred Laidlaw photo)

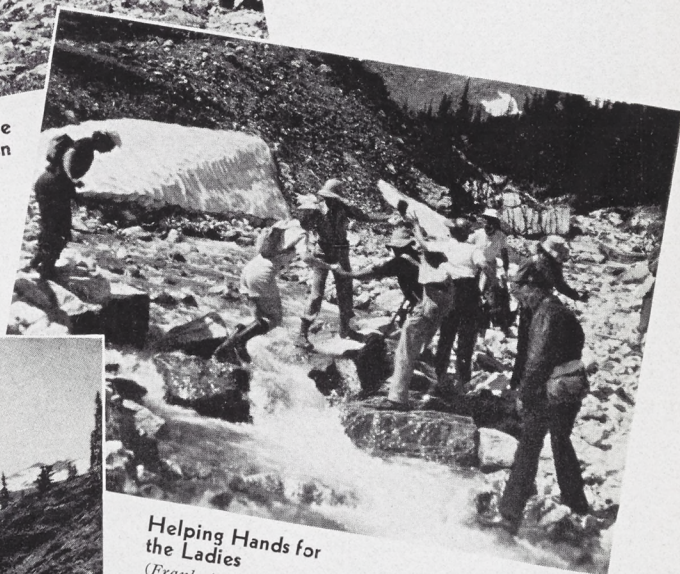




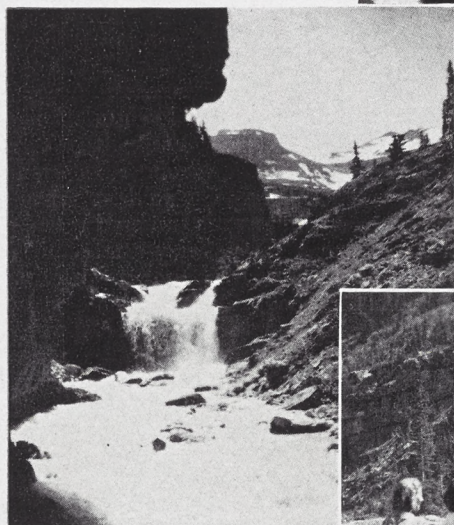
Outlet from a Glacier



The Falls have carved a Canyon



Helping Hands for the Ladies  
(Frank Arnott photos)



Falls above Mazama Camp  
(Evelyn Royd photo)

Isn't it terrific?  
(Frank Arnott photo)



FALLS ON THE





Lou Shulman at the Natural Bridge



Laughing Falls

*(Fred Laidlaw photos)*

LITTLE YOHO





View of Van Horne  
Range from Kiwe-  
tinok Pass

(Mrs. Wolfenden photo)

Summit of Kiwetinok Pass  
with background of  
Kiwetinok Peak



Nearing the top of Kiwetinok Pass



On the Snow at Kiwetinok  
Pass

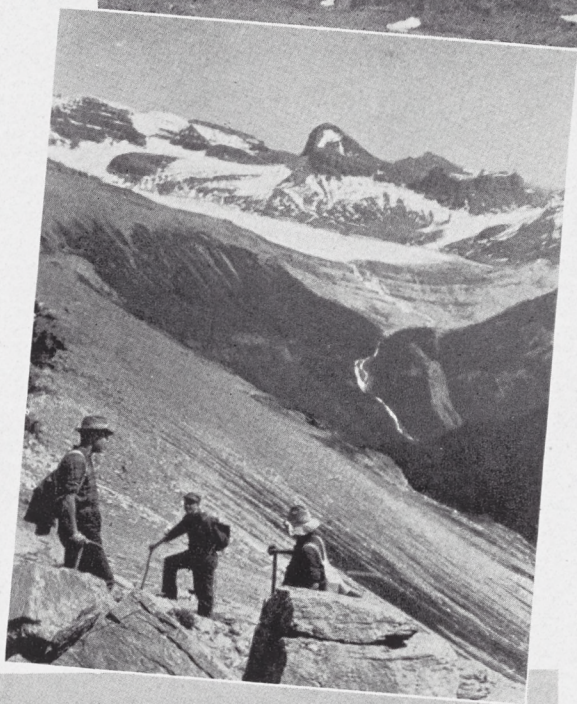
(Photos by Frank Arnott)





Mt. des Poilus (10,371 ft.)  
Mt. Collie (10,325 ft.)

Glacier des Poilus and  
Wapta Glacier



Mt. Niles (9,755 ft.)

Daly Glacier and Angel's  
Steps with Peter Vallance,  
Dr. Everett and Charles  
Lovell in foreground



Isolated Peak (9,234 ft.)  
and Glacier —

with Lou Shulman himself

(Photos by L. W. Shulman)

Mountains of the Yoho as seen from Whaleback Mountain (8,569 ft.)





1. In the year when Jane presided  
Went the tribe to see the marvels,  
Up we went past rushing Yoho  
As it hurried to the ocean.



2. Up we went beyond the switch back,  
Dangerous turns which, made by white man,  
Led us up, high 'mongst the mountains  
To the valleys of great wonders.



5. On again with tired footstep  
As the shades of evening gathered,  
Till we saw our camp tents shining,  
Shining there across the valley.



6. Rose we early in the morning  
At the call of our internals,  
Calling loud for ham and coffee  
And for pancakes hot from griddle.



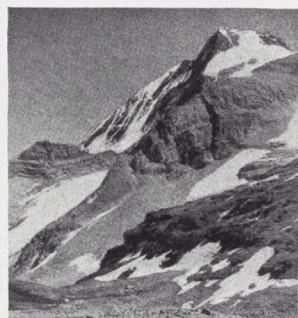
9. And we saw our Sydney Vallance  
Mighty climber of great mountains,  
Drinking coffee from the briler  
With his morning eggs and bacon.



10. Then we heard a distant roaring.  
Two great falls that smoke together,  
Smoke into a churning caldron  
As they rush down from the mountain.



13. Upward still to Lake Kewet'nok,  
Up beyond where trees grow ever,  
Where the snow came to the water  
And the mountains gather closely.



14. Campward then across the wasteland  
Scene of prehistoric glaciers,  
Past the mountain called "Small Chieftain"  
Hungry back to camp for dinner.

## THE SKY LINE INDIANS

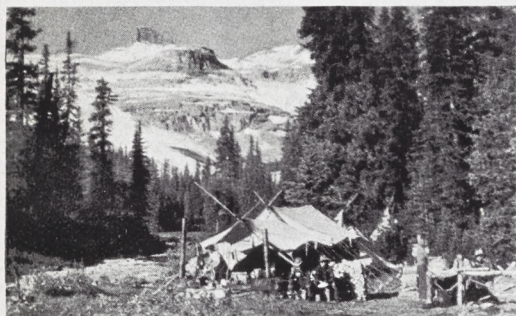




3. Upward still to mighty torrent  
Roaring ever down the mountain,  
Slender falls forever rushing;  
Called it wondrous Takakkaw.



4. Climbing high above the chalet  
Came at last to Yoho Lookout,  
Wondrous view of Yoho Valley  
Where the angels climbed to heaven.



7. Saw we then Mount Kerr arising  
High above our cook house camp fire  
With its top knot pointing skyward,  
Top knot like the Cedar Waxwing.



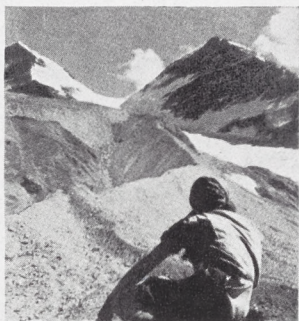
8. Saw we Charlie drinking boldly  
(Temperate man was Charlie Lovell)  
Drinking water from the river,  
From the Little Yoho River.



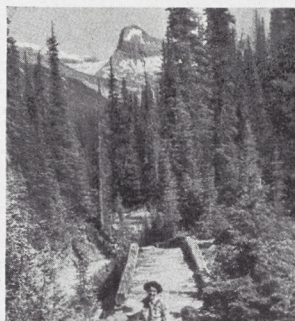
11. In the evening by the camp fire  
Tales were told of ancient travels,  
And the Barons lulled us sweetly  
With the songs the black man sang.



12. Up to westward through our valley  
Past the falls and past the snow bridge  
Saw we then our glorious valley  
Lying grandly far below us.



15. Lonely maid with gaze enraptured  
Cons the passway named the Chieftain  
Tired, watches clouds form clearly  
Far too tired to climb higher.



16. Homeward bound across the bridgeway  
In full view of Niles mountain  
Pauses Sascha Jane — the redhead —  
"Wasn't this trip simply marvelous?"

VISIT THE LITTLE YOHO

(Photographs and Poems by Dr. A. Somerville)

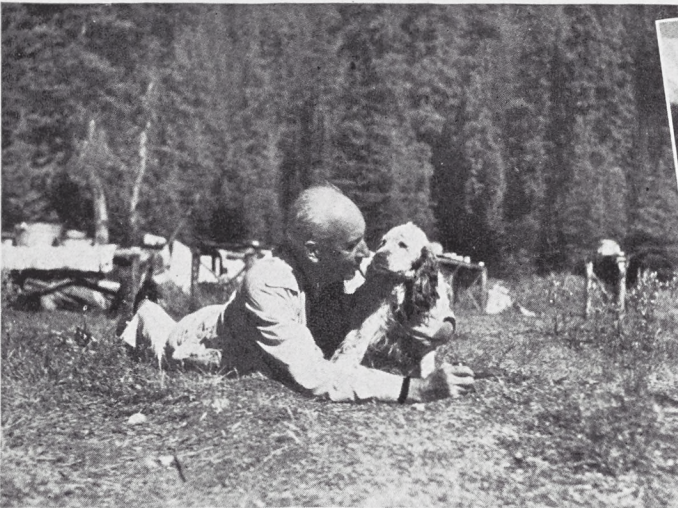




Jean Stewart dolls up for the fray



At Twin



Marshall Diverty and Freckles



Mrs. Beatrice Hamilton

(Ph  
Fred Laidlaw, Mrs. W



Bora Mitchell, Rilla Jones and Betty Carl Bell



Mrs. Hay at

(Editorial Note—We hope





Falls Cabin



Irene Bilton, Meda Gordon and Mabel Packham



D. Baron, E. P. Holmes and G. C. Martin

photos by  
Wolfenden and G. C. Martin)



Studies in Costume



and Sandra Hay

(names are spelled correctly)



Starting the long trek home





Stanley Mitchell Hut in the Little Yoho Valley

(Fred Laidlaw photo)

## *An Alpinist's Memories of the Little Yoho*

*by J. F. Brett*

Relaxing in his seat, after the excitement provoked by the cosmopolitan visitors, getting on and off at the famous resorts of Banff and Lake Louise, the transcontinental traveller, as the train begins to plunge towards the sombre cliffs of Mt. Stephen, suddenly sees the open vista of the YOH0. Between the massive cliffs of Mt. Wapta and the brownish slopes of Mt. Ogden, a wide and entrancing valley leading to luminous snow-fields rises gently to the rim of shimmering peaks on the horizon. In the centre of the picture the rocky cone of Yoho Pk. rising high above the snows, dominates the forks of the valley, the Big Yoho continuing in a northerly direction, the Little Yoho curving towards the west.

The Indian name, "Yoho" means: "It is magnificent." Here we do not find the tormented landscape of gaunt crags or the great isolated masses to be seen in other parts of the range. The more gentle moulding of the vast forests and snow-fields, offers a picture of peace and serenity that lures the visitor to come and stay awhile.

The valley of the Little Yoho has long been a favorite with the members of the Alpine Club

of Canada, because of its superb scenery and its attractiveness as a climbing centre. Many club camps have been held on the park-like flats at the head of the valley. Nearby, the club built the Stanley Mitchell cabin, a lovely log chalet nestling amongst the trees. Not far away, Yoho Pass was the site of the first annual club camp, forty years ago.

Before the days of the Canadian Alpine Club, many famous pioneer climbers and explorers came here to attempt the peaks at the head of the valley: Collie and Studfield from England, Jean Habel from the Continent, Professor C. E. Fay from the United States.

In 1901, Edward Whymper, the conqueror of the Matterhorn, and his guides, camped near the cabin, and the records can still be found in the summit cairns of the peaks they climbed. With him were famous men, Christian Klucker of Sils Maria in the Engadine, Joseph Pollinger of St. Nicholas, and Christian Kaufman of Grindelwald. On the summit ridge extending from Kiwetinok Pass to Isolated Peak, a rock peak has been named Mt. Pollinger, in memory of this great guide.



Many a member of the Club carries fond remembrances of the Little Yoho. Perhaps, in bygone days, he has graduated by climbing the ten thousand foot white pyramid of Mt. President, hereafter to be admitted to Active membership. And also perhaps, from the snowy summit he has seen for the first time, the glorious panorama of summit after summit, shimmering in the bright sunlight and extending seemingly to infinity.

In 1938 a committee was appointed to find a site for the construction of a permanent mountain home in the Little Yoho. The site selected, on the level meadows at the head of the valley, amongst the tall evergreens and in full view of the towering Presidential Range, is outstanding. In front of the cabin, the clear stream meanders through the tall grass and the clusters of red paint brush. The cabin consists of a log building with a central and two wings. The entire ground floor of the main cabin is occupied by a large living room equipped with a big fireplace of natural stones. The east and west wings house respectively the kitchen and the ladies dormitory. The men's quarters are in the loft above the living-room. At the end of the day, the veranda is the favorite place where one may sit against the rails and "reminisce" over the day's events while watching the upper ridges turn to gold as the sun sinks below the western ridges of Kiwetinok. The heat of the day has subsided, the air is cool and soothing, the evening pipe is lit, the fatigue endured during the strenuous hours of the ascent slowly dissolves. Soon the rays of the sinking sun abandon the level floor of the valley, shadows of night creep upward, only for an instant more, the summit arêtes of Mt. President are yet reflecting the golden glow, now more intense before the advent of night. In the mind, the memory of these hours remains deeply engraved.

The climbs, in the neighbourhood of the cabin, are not considered severe since the best routes are now known, but are ideal for purposes of training at the beginning of the season, or for novices wishing to get acquainted with the mountains. They offer a great variety of terrain, snow ice and rock being encountered on most of the peaks, and the ascents are not unduly long.

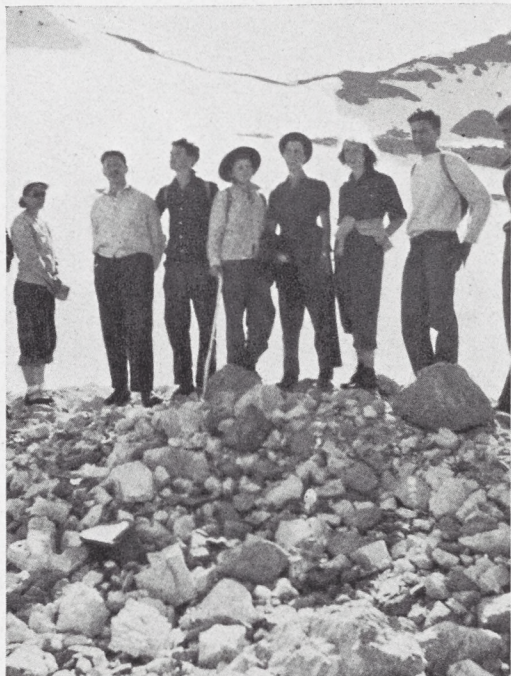
When the Department of National Defence asked the Alpine Club in 1942, to lend a hand in the training of mountain troops, the Little Yoho was considered the most suitable district and was selected as the site of the Military Camp.

On a bright summer day in 1943, the natural denizens of the valley, big and small, must have had the surprise of their happy lives on seeing the army taking possession of their ancestral homeland; for during the period of camp, no place was really safe for our four footed friends,

every vantage point was occupied by groups of men heavily armed. Even during the night, when wild animals love to roam, the timid gopher or the graceful deer were liable to run into a machine gun post.

The high point of the camp period was reached when the whole company was taken to the summit of Mt. President. The start at five o'clock a.m. was a sight to behold, over one hundred men proposing to climb the same mountain. Everything went beautifully. Starting at a slow and steady pace, like hardened veterans, the men and their guides proceeded along the path following the now foaming Little Yoho, and so to the crest of the moraine leading to the glacier. The lower reaches of it, of blue crystal ice, are only moderately inclined, but higher up, the slope steepens and crevasses appear. Higher still, below the col between President and Vice-President there is a bergschrund, that last cleft defending the approach to the peak. A secure snow bridge was happily found and the men proceeded to the col without faltering. From the col to the summit extends a magnificent snow and rock ridge, giving an unforgettable impression of height and isolation above the world, with lovely views, in depths of green Emerald Lake, the Little Yoho and the deep trench of the Kicking Horse.

The day was remarkably fine and when at nine a.m. the summit was reached, the immense panorama was, for many, a revelation of the beauty and grandeur of their native land.



A breather on the slopes of Mount Kerr

(G. C. Martin photo)



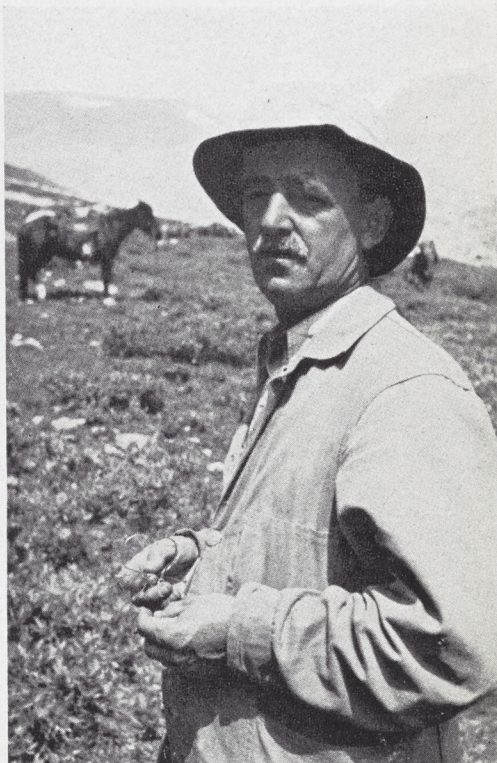
# Companions of the Bath

by Dan McCowan

Recently, while enjoying a bath in the open air swimming pool at Radium, I watched a Chipmunk busily employed in the all important business of gathering food for winter use. The scientific name *Tamias*, — a steward, one who has charge of supplies of food, is singularly appropriate to the Chipmunk whose autumnal hoarding is notable. Seeds of grasses and of various kinds of Alpine plants were eagerly harvested by this active little squirrel, the fodder being transported in cheek pouches and carefully stowed in a secret granary amongst the limestone rocks overhanging the pool. There was of course nothing unusual in the behaviour of this four footed harvester until, halting momentarily in its gleaning, the creature came down the steep cliff to the waters edge and drank what one might term a copious draught of the bubbling steaming liquid. Never before had I seen one of these animals quenching thirst from stream or lake, and I wondered if by any chance this sagacious striped squirrel had found virtue in the hot spring at Radium and was actually "taking the waters".

Certainly he, or she, had found ideal living quarters in the grotto by the thermal spring and alongside onrushing Sinclair Creek. Abundance of berries and seeds in the neighbouring woods gave assurance of food and to spare. A steam heated apartment with hot and cold running water available at all hours must surely have rendered this a most desirable country residence. I was however led to speculate as to whether or not such a lodging might attract other prospective tenants. Bats are not likely to seek sleeping accommodation in such a humid atmosphere, but snakes would be glad to huddle in the grateful warmth during the chill months of winter. There are no poisonous reptiles in the Canadian Rockies, but I have known of considerable numbers of garter snakes taking refuge from frigid winter weather in natural heated caves near the hot sulphur springs at Banff.

Which reminds me that some years ago I had the pleasure of meeting and photographing a cinnamon bear who had spent an entire winter in one of these caves in the sulphur rock. A cinnamon bear, be it understood, is not a distinct



Dan McCowan

(C.P.R. photo)

species but simply a red-haired individual of the black bear tribe. When this particular animal denned up in late autumn his coat was rich chestnut in colour. Whether or not the sulphur fumes in his bedroom did something or other to his hairy pelt I know not. But it is a fact that in April he emerged as a pronounced platinum blonde. So effective was the bleach that I doubt if even his own mother would have recognized him.

At Vermilion Lake near Banff a spring of warm sulphur water forms a large pool which remains open throughout the winter. For some years the successive generations of a Muskrat family built houses in and around this pond, doubtless finding life very pleasant where open air swimming could be enjoyed all the year round. Green feed sprouted there very early in spring and through the summer a thick growth of tall reeds afforded shelter from the hot sun and covert from



keen-eyed hawks. In autumn the withered stalks yielded goodly supply of building material. The well developed roots of under-water plants provided the furry rodents with winter food. Unfortunately, for the Rats, a Mink discovered the settlement and wrought havoc amongst the inhabitants. The same warm spring water which otherwise was entirely beneficial rendered the winter quarters vulnerable to this murderous water weasel and the luckless Muskrats were undone.

Above this area of warm water a number of Bats flitted about in the twilight. To these flying animals the tepid pool was a natural incubator from which vast numbers of toothsome insects emerged. Here also a pair of Kingfishers were gratified in finding the open season for trout greatly extended. Once, in Christmas week,

when almost all other streams and lakes in the Rockies were padlocked by frost, I saw a small flock of Mallards swimming and feeding in this steaming open bay whilst air temperatures were far below zero. I marvelled then that on stepping out of the warm water and on to the ice fringing the pond they did not instantly adhere to the frozen surface. Later, I learned that their webbed feet are coated with an anti-freeze compound.

In a stream of hot sulphur water near the well known Cave and Basin bath at Banff a species of fish known as Notropis apparently finds life congenial. Although but a mere minnow, a tidler, this fish is nevertheless as cold blooded as a haddock or a pike. Strange that this finny companion of the bath should not only exist but also thrive in what might well be considered a natural Turkish bath.

*Members who have not yet paid their dues, or who intended to purchase a button but forgot to do so, are requested to communicate with the Secretary-Treasurer, Fred Laidlaw, Department of Public Relations, C.P.R. Winnipeg.*



Cinnamon Bear becomes Platinum Blonde

(Dan McCowan photo)



# SONG HIT ECHOES

## PACK UP YOUR HIKING GEAR

Tune — "Pack Your Troubles"

Pack up your hiking gear and board a train  
and smile, smile, smile,  
Head for the Rockies where you'll meet your pals,  
Smile gang that's the style  
There you'll find your Tepee Camp for days that  
are too few  
So pick up your pack and let's start hiking  
Sky Line trails.

From East, South, North or West, the hikers come  
it's quite the style  
Hiking makes for friends so come along  
smile and hike awhile  
Waterfalls and glaciers, we'll take them in our  
[stride]  
So pick up your pack and let's keep hiking  
Sky Line trails.

For only four brief days our Hike will last,  
come sun, rain, snow.  
From morn till nite the Hikers stride along,  
smiling as they go.  
Pow-wow nite and campfire means that  
tomorrow's due  
So pick up your pack when next year  
brings new Sky Line Trails.

Written in the Reindeer Teepee by  
Ruby Elwin, Joyce Calhoun and  
Sheila Brown.

★ ★ ★

## SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES

Tune — "Seems like old times"

(adapted from words and music by Carmen  
Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb — Leo Feist Inc.)

Seems like old times  
Hiking on the Sky Line,  
Seems like old times  
Being on the High Line,  
And it's still a thrill  
To see the snow peaks around you,  
Still the thrill  
As when hiking here I found you —  
Seems like old times  
Picking mountain flowers,  
Just like old times  
Hiking on for hours  
Hoping dreams come true,  
Hiking as we used to do —  
Seems like old times  
Hiking here with you.

## SKY-LINE TRAIL SONG HIT ECHOES

### ONE-ZY TWO-ZY HIKE WITH YOU-ZY,

Tune — "One-zy two-zy I love you-zy"

(Adapted from Song by Dave Franklin and  
Irving Taylor as sung by the Happy Gang)

One-zy two-zy, Hike with you-zy  
Two-zy three-zy, Take it easy,  
Three-zy four-zy Hike some more-zy  
Ever mounting higher.  
Four-zy five-zy, Soon arrive-zy  
Five-zy six-zy Teepee fixy  
Six-zy seven-zy, Next to heaven-zy  
Near the warm camp-fire.  
Keep the voices going  
Till the song is done,  
And sleep will crown our fun.  
Seven-zy eight-zy, Getting late-zy  
Eight-zy nine-zy, Stars a-shine-zy,  
Nine-zy ten-zy Up again-zy  
One-zy two-zy Hike with you-zy.

★ ★ ★

## SKY-LINE OUR TRAIL

Tune — "Sioux City Sue"

(Adapted from song by Dick Thomas and Ray  
Freedman — Canadian Music Sales Corporation)

Skyline our Trail  
Up alpine vale —  
Our faces tann'd  
And hearts aglow,  
We like to camp  
In high Yoho —  
Skyline our trail  
Up alpine vale  
And there with moon as lamp  
Sing the songs of Skyline Trail

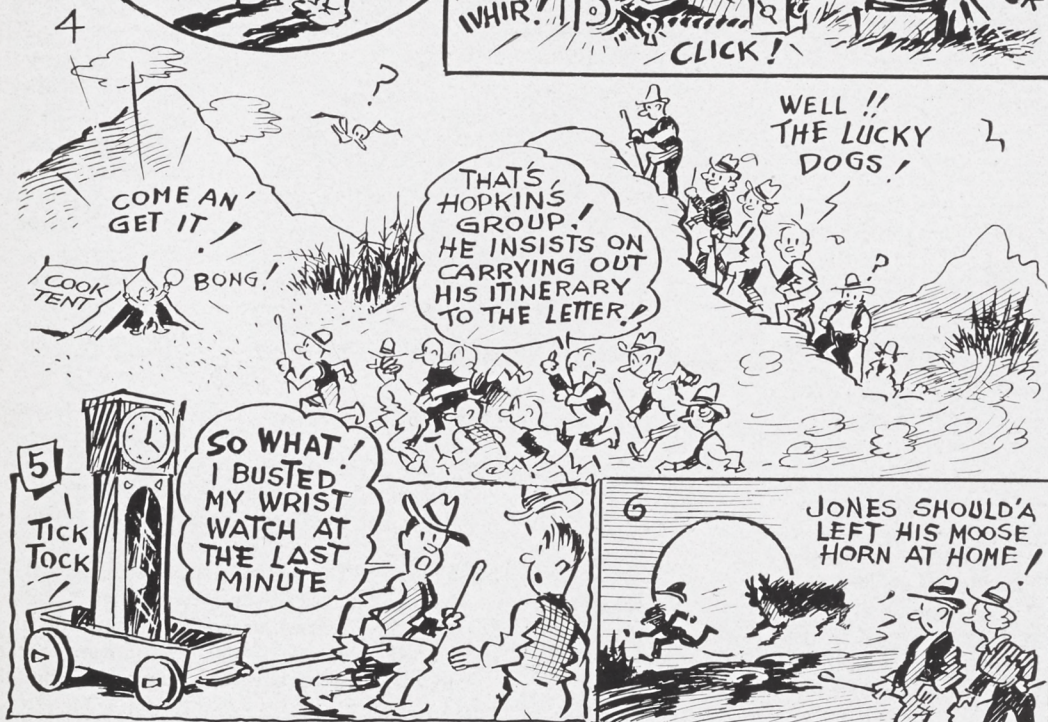
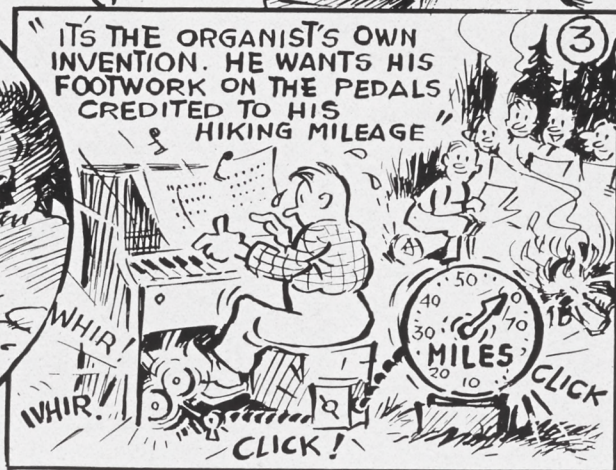
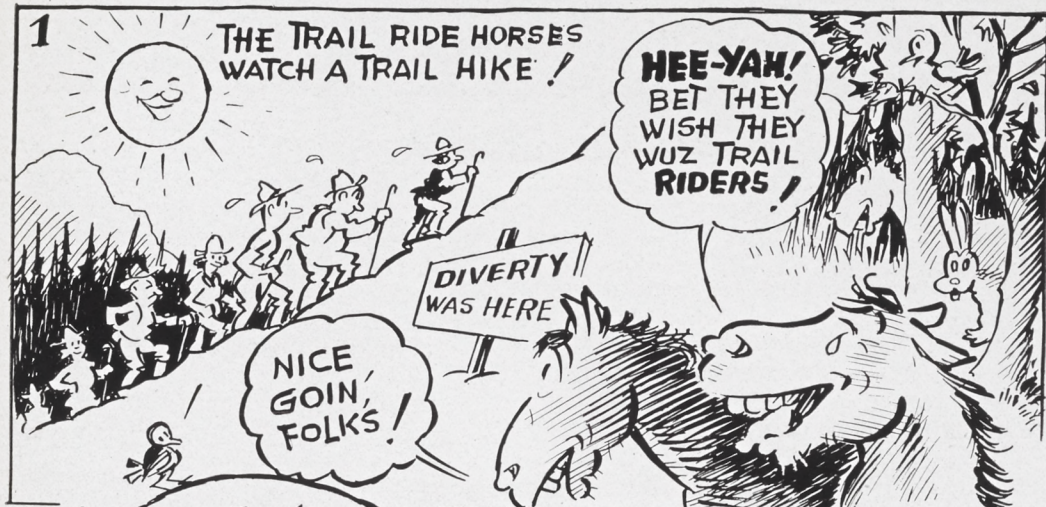
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## I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU

(adapted from the Song in "The Dolly Sisters"  
by Mack Gordon and James V. Monaco,  
Gordon V. Thompson Ltd.)

I can't begin to tell you how much I love the trail  
That takes me far from citified abodes;  
I can't begin to tell you how different is the hail  
Of hikers who are off the crowded roads —  
We have such lovely sing songs whenever we're in  
[camp,  
And 'round the fire we figure out the trails we  
[mean to tramp—  
So take the sweetest dreamland the world has  
[ever known  
And know that it was found upon the trail





An Ex-Editor's Nightmare

by Graham Nichols,  
assisted by W. Casey.



# Frederick Niven on the Yoho Valley

The presence of Pauline (Mrs. Frederick) Niven on the Sky Line Trail Hike reminded the Editor that the late Frederick Niven had a delightful account of the Yoho Valley in his book 'Colour in the Canadian Rockies' which was illustrated by W. J. Phillips R.C.A. and published some years ago by Thomas Nelson & Sons. By permission of Mrs. Niven the following extracts are quoted from this chapter:—

How ecstatic can be some little pleasure in the life, thought I, as I was riding down from what is called the High Trail above the Yoho Valley. I had set out from the Yoho bungalow camp, past Takakkaw Falls, that drop two hundred feet or so over a cliff's edge into a sort of vast font and then spill over it in foam a thousand feet. I had turned aside to look at other falls — Angels' Stairs and Point Lace — that zigzag downwards in almost horizontal cracks of another cliff, making there a filigree, a mesh, a knotted web of foam. Laughing Falls I had heard. I had watched a moose wading by the farther bank of Duchesnay Lake and go galloping up the bank into the dusk under forest eaves there. I had seen the western lilies at the base of tilted sunshafts in the deep woods and the ant-riddled debris of what had been a trapper's cabin long before this region was constituted a national park. On to where Yoho Glacier showed blue between the framing boles of two tall conifers I had ridden. Beside Twin Falls cabin, not mouldering but in good repair lest mountaineers should wish to rest there, I had looked up at the Falls, two jets of whiteness pouring out of the sky. Then I had ridden upward till I was high enough to see where the Twin Falls came from — not out of the sky at that

view point, but out of peaks that had been hidden below, out of the glacier-laden President Range.

Across moraines I let the horse pick his way, and came to an upland where heath grew in clumps, and there was silence and a view of the long sweep of the Daly Glacier. Near where a trail goes higher still, into the Little Yoho Valley, I had ridden on to a prow of rock. There I had one of the little yet great experiences. Suddenly

in my ears was all the Hullabaloo of all the falling streams of Yoho, a blent roar of Angels' Stairs, Point Lace, Laughing Falls, Whisky Jack — a corruption of an Indian name for a bird, Wisska-ian, and Takakkaw that was opposite across the valley, which, by stepping on to that point of rocks, was in view again. I rode back from that look-out point, and in doing so it was as if a door was shut. Utter silence again. I returned to that cape-like cliff — and it was as if the door opened: all the roar of all the streams loud again in the upland air.

That time, as I stood there, I heard, though the day was all blue above, a crash as of thunder. But it was not thunder: it was of a chunk of ice in the font of Takakkaw, a chunk of ice swept along in the torrent

from the high Daly Glacier, which feeds it, being swirled and crashed to fragments there. A wind swept through the valley, and the lower thousand feet of Takakkaw wavered out sidelong like a curtain at an open window on a breezy day.

Across more wedges of moraine and across brawling and steep mountain rivelets and upland meadows I rode on, and then down through the woods, heading back to Yoho Camp, out of which I had started on a trail going along the valley. (by Frederick Niven)



(G. C. Martin photo)

Elk on the High Line Trail through the Little Yoho



**Lake Celeste on the  
High Line Trail**

*(Mrs. Wolfenden photo)*



**Waterfalls above  
Twin Falls**

*(Frank Arnott photo)*



**Cow Moose in Lake  
Duchesnay, Yoho  
Valley**

*(Fred Laidlaw photo)*



# Introducing the New President

NOTES BY THE EDITOR

OUR new President, G. C. Martin, of Calgary, has always been an outdoor man, with a particular fancy for the Sky line, as the photograph showing him on the Summit of Mount Kerr (page 3 of this Bulletin) might indicate. This, he declares, was the greatest thrill of his life. Raised in the old province of Ontario, he came West to Winnipeg in 1902, and ever since that time has been travelling between Port Arthur and Victoria.

He does a lot of skating and has played hockey, football, lacrosse and track and field sports.

Hiking in the Mountains was a later development. He joined the Sky Line Hike on the expedition to Floe Lake in 1941, and has not missed any of the hikes since. Supplementing this activity he has taken to trail riding and is steadily improving the grade of his button.

In ordinary life he is Western Manager of Appleford Paper Products Ltd. of Hamilton, Ontario, makers of Food Saver papers. Much of his travelling is done by motor car. The story of his motoring adventures is worthy of a book to itself.

FOR all lovers of the trail we recommend as a "must" Dan McCowan's book "Outdoors with a Camera in Canada". Birds and their eggs, trees, flowers, animals, snowy mountain peaks and fossils here are pictured and described with the accuracy and vivid humour of the true born naturalist. The Editor is particularly interested in the pages devoted to the "Contorted Lousewort" which Dan defies any poet to immortalize in a lyric. In these days of free verse one thought that anything could be turned into poetry, but Dan thinks otherwise. A full page photograph accompanies each of the thirty-one chapters, and as the photographs are from Dan's own camera, one may rest assured that they are good. The publishers are the Macmillan Company of Canada and the price is \$2.00.

Extract from the Minutes of the Executive Committee Meeting held at the Mount Royal Hotel, July 31st, 1946.

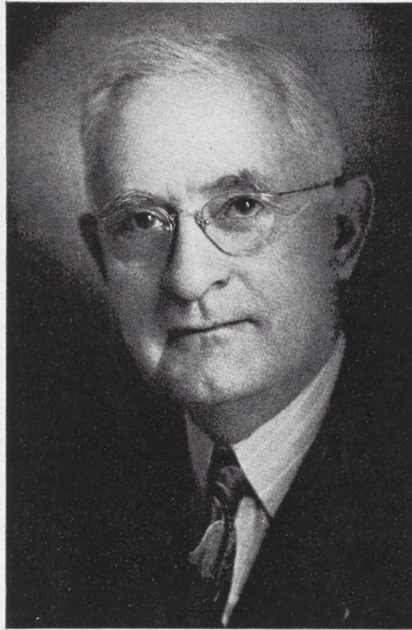
Marshall H. Divarty moved that the charge for the Hike be set at \$22.00, this amount to include tips, a mattress, and one blanket. Those wishing to rent a sleeping bag could do so on payment of \$3.00 extra. Seconded by G. C. Martin.

Carried.

Extract from the Minutes of Council Meeting held August 4th at Little Yoho Camp.

Moved by E. P. Holmes, and seconded by Lou Shulman, that in future all reservations for the Hike be accompanied by a \$5.00 deposit and that this deposit be not refundable after June 1st, before the Hike. This to be announced in the Bulletin.

Carried.



G. C. MARTIN, new President

LOOKING out of the window of my cabin at Yoho Lodge, I saw a deer at the door of the next cabin. By some sort of telepathy the deer turned and looked at my window though I must have been invisible. This community with Nature is one of the particular charms of Yoho Lodge, which those of us who stayed overnight following the Sky Line Trail Hike all felt.

Miss Lucy Russell, who operates this Lodge for the C.P.R., is the most recent hostess, and a very capable and attractive hostess she

is. Of Scottish ancestry, she was educated in France long enough to become bilingual, is musical, has earned a living as an accountant, and in the late war served in the Intelligence Department of the Canadian Navy at Victoria and Vancouver. She recruited her staff this Summer from students of the University of British Columbia except for the cook, a Scottish lady from Winnipeg.

One peculiarity is that radio receiving sets do not work in the Yoho Valley owing to some mineral in the rocks. It might, therefore, be named the Refuge from Radio.

Sky Line Hikers extend their sympathy to Tillie Knight, whose mother Mrs. B. W. Knight is reported as one of the passengers lost in the Western Air Lines plane crash at Burbank, California.



# Cookhouse Secrets . . .

Told by Ruth Brewster to Tillie Knight

You asked us how we figure out the cooking situation for a bunch of hungry Trail Riders and Sky Line Hikers. — Well, here goes for a few of our concoctions — try 'em and let us know how you make out: we've found that all our victims have gained pounds and ounces.

Soup? Soup? Oh, Yes! That's the warmer-upper (not the kind that comes in bottles). Well, we broil up all within our reach, add potato water and leave same to sizzle — ah! a nice mellow odour arises — we know the soup is on the beam.

What else have we got lined up? Twenty-five lbs of spuds! Ye Gods! Spuds! Get peeling. We'll never get these all peeled! But we do, and they are on to boil. Claude comes sniffing along — "What's cooking? Chickens? Smells like something burning." — Shoo off you! 'Tend to your hosses, and we'll 'tend to the cooking — Away! Away from the cookhouse you go!

Gosh, we have 4 days and only 3 kinds of vegetables! Ah well, we'll mix 'em all up together and put different sauce on them each night. First carrot sauce, then bean sauce, then apple sauce, Oh, no! That's the sauce we get back from the Dudes, once in a while.

Meat, meat, meat 'cause you know after riding or hiking all day, them thar Dudes and Guides have a real hunger on — what's to do about it? — Well, let's see — we'll give them the sausages first, 'cause they won't keep, so we'll roll the sausages in H.B.C. Blankets, cover them with Panther sauce, and make them look like Delmonte Specials, and what do you know? — They all come back for a second helping and good too, mind you!

And now to Dessert. Someone said "Desert the Table, Mable — but no — the can opener (a famous gadget for all homes, teepees, brides, injuns etc.) we haven't used it yet, so peaches, pears, plum cans all get the look over and we divide the desserts up by the days and find we have plenty. — Hoorah! Cookies, oh, we'll have



to ration them out, so we'll have enough for the campfire cocoa, and now, what do you know?

— all the Teepee Magnates are filled up, the dishes are nearly all washed up and everyone is looking contented, so Eva let's you and I go up and see what antics that Jean and Tillie are cooking up for the Campfire Games, and we'll sit back and see if the Hikers get that same contented look as they do at our spot. — "Oh, Ruth, what about the flapjack mixture for breakfast?" — "Oh shucks, Eva, why did you have to bring that up? — we'll think of it some mornin' " —

P.S. — All applications for camp cooks will be gratefully received by Ruth Brewster or Eva Smith, c/o Kananaskis Dude Ranch, Seebe, Alta. Cooks must be good natured, willing to work long hours and be able to concoct satisfying dishes for contented Hickies or Trail Riders. — No others need apply. —



(Cookhouse photos by Dr. Somerville and Evelyn Boyd.)



# LAURA MAY AND THE SILHOUETTE

*by Mary Weeks*

I ran into my friend, Laura May, in a C.P.R. station the other afternoon. She was glancing at a copy of Sky Line Trail Magazine.

"I picked this up over there," said she, pointing to a folder rack, "this cover picture of Mount Niles and Angels Stair Falls caught my eye."

"Let's have a cup of tea," I said.

Laura May wasn't looking her best. She had the sallow, liverish look that is common to apartment inmates. She could do with a bracing draught of Rocky Mountain air, I thought, lungfuls of ozone, a dip in the medicinal mountain lakes, sleep midst sighing pines, a hike in rarefied air above timber line. Yes, I told myself, Laura May should chuck her doll-routine — her devotion to fine clothes, expensive but disfiguring hair-do's that cost her two afternoons a week in a beauty parlour, and her prim-and-prissy manners. But what use picturing her in the Rockies? She wasn't hiking timber.

"How do hikers get on, thrown together for days?" asked Laura May, breaking into my thoughts.

Well, with U.N.E.S.C.O. sitting in Paris, emphasizing cooperation in a big way, and Laura May herself an active member of the Eyebrow Co-operative, I must confess that her question surprised me. I put down my tea cup.

"There is nothing like a sky line hike to cement people together in a fine colleagueship," I said, flapping over a page of the magazine and pointing to the picture of a group of hikers huddled 'round a campfire with bed-quilts, horse blankets and ground sheets draped over their nondescript headgear and hiking outfits to protect them from the rain. "Isn't that something?" I added.

Laura May's sharp nose twitched. She's allergic to slang — even cultivated slang. She is a purist — humorless and given to chronic melancholia, but very suggestible. I couldn't afford to sell our Canadian Rockies to her!

"These overalled men with flapping shirt tails? They look tough, but I suppose they're respectable?"

"Super-respectable!" I said, tartly. Laura May was a prig!

"Dear me! Fancy this!" said she, stabbing a page with an anaemic finger, "is this girl quite — nice?"

"Just the silhouette of a girl undressing in a teepee," I said, "nothing much in these days of semi-nudity. Those clever news-reel hounds who show up at sky line hikes go all out for artistic poses."

"The girl herself . . . ?" Laura looked at me.



"I wouldn't know," I said non-committally, hoping to shock her. "Sky line hikers are a jocund lot." I was determined to frustrate any hiking notion that might be hatching in her suggestible brain. Laura May has a generous income and she does get about.

"It sounds exceedingly free and easy," she said.

I refrained from telling Laura May that there was nothing like a mountain hike to put people on a free and easy footing, that even prudes learned to fraternize — to pull together, so to speak.

"The food, is it palatable?" she asked.

I remembered hearing a hiker say, as he speared a hot-dog off a camp stove with his jackknife, "Golly, camp grub's something out of this world!" but I said,

"Oh, so-so! The cook clangs a bell that is a combination whistling-buoy and Big Ben, to rouse hikers. If you haven't slept in your hiking duds, you rush, half-clad, to the nearest brook, crack the ice, slosh cold water over your face, spear your hair to your head with your last hairpin, hitch your clothes together in some form of decency and make for the grub-tent. By doing a quick sprint, you may reach the flap-jack stand in time to grapple the first flipping of pancakes, and get your tin dipper filled with the first boiling of tea." I said.

"Boiled tea?" Laura May shuddered.

"Certainly! Camp tea is always boiled. Boiling releases the tannic acid in the tea and girds you for the day's hike of, possibly, 15 miles."

"Oh! Do many stick the 15 miles? It sounds punishing, but of course . . ."



"They've jolly well got to stick or lose face ! That's where cooperation comes in. Show signs of weakening or try to quit — you're hiking confederates will rally 'round. They'll conspire. They'll lay their heads together. They'll cling to you. The leader of the party may call a halt to give you a "breather", but really to shame you into pushing on. You can't escape !

"Your colleagues will sympathize and tell you you're all in the miserable business together and, though you may have blistered heels, agonized muscles and groaning lungs, you'll play into their hands and follow the party up the mountain at express speed. You may die at the summit, but you should worry ! You've reached your goal".

"Oh !" said Laura May again, adding, "I take it the sleeping arrangements are adequate?" "Definitely !"

"I suppose there are portable cabins?"

The ignorance of city-dwellers is abysmal. "Oh, yeah?" I said violently. "Sent in by plane and dropped down to the hikers by parachutes?"

Laura May ignored my sarcasm. "Hikers like to get close to nature. They sleep on the ground, in teepees," I continued. "Should the mercury drop to freezing or a blizzard hit the peaks, we just shove into our blankets or sleeping bags — hiking togs and all — and pray for an easy death "

"Just fancy !"

Laura May's tone implied that teepee-sleeping wasn't quite fastidious. I did not tell her that one couldn't get away with the desire for sudden death, that your teepee-mates would spur you alive with a mug of hot cocoa or scalding tea and before you knew it you'd be dancing 'round the campfire with the other insane hikers.

"The cooperation in teepees is perfect," I hastened on, "You sleep in a ring 'round the circular tent wall, end to end — your head against the feet of one hiker, your feet against the head of another. Of course, you may have to wind your head in a waterproof to protect it from the dripping boots and other duds on the line above you. It's all very chummy."

Laura May's face expressed distinct disapproval. "I shouldn't like sleeping on the ground," said she.

"Oh," said I, "adaptation is the mark of a good hiker. It's easy to make yourself extremely comfy. See that your teepee is pitched on a spot of ground that isn't too stony. Pick a substantial rock for a back-brace, a flattish one for a pillow and there you are. Mattresses are for dudes only."

I looked at Laura May again, critically. No, she definitely was not hiking timber !

"My train's due," said she, rising. There was an animated light in her dullish eyes.



Jean Stewart and Ptarmigan (See page 6)

(Fred Laidlaw photo)



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Fisher, George, Canmore, Alta.  
Fitch, Miss Jean, Vancouver, B.C.  
Forman, Mrs. John, Litchfield, Conn.  
Forman, John, Litchfield, Conn.

Fraser, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.  
Frost, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.  
Fryckberg, Miss Marjorie, St. Paul, Minn.  
Fullbrook, Mrs. Anne, Banff, Alta.  
Fuller, Lawrence, Banff, Alta.  
Fuller, Mrs. Lawrence, Banff, Alta.  
Galbraith, Miss Jean, Lethbridge, Alta.  
Garbutt, Miss Edith, Calgary, Alta.  
Garbutt, Miss Betty, Calgary, Alta.  
Garfield, Miss Nettie, Calgary, Alta.  
Garfield, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.  
Garfield, Miss Lillian, Calgary, Alta.  
Genge, Miss Connie E., Nelson, B.C.  
Gest, Miss Lillian, Merion, Pa.  
Gill, Mrs. William B., Calgary, Alta.  
Gillespie, G. F., Montreal, Que.  
Gillespie, Dr. A. T., Fort William, Ont.  
Goldsmith, Miss Faith, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Good, H. E., Nanaimo, B.C.  
Gordon, Mrs. Whonock, B.C.  
Gordon, Miss Margot, Whonock, B.C.  
Gourley, Mrs. H., Banff, Alta.  
Gow, Dr. Robert, Banff, Alta.  
Gowans, Miss Marjorie, Montreal, Que.  
Gowler, Miss Margaret, Toronto, Ont.  
Graham, Miss Bess F., Alton, Ill.  
Graves, S. Lake O'Hara, B.C.  
Gustafsson, Miss Anna, San Francisco, Cal.  
Green, H. A. V., Winnipeg, Man.  
Guzy, Charles, Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
Guzy, Mrs. Charles, Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
Guzy, Miss Sylvia, Wilkes Barre, Pa.  
Gudfrey, Miss Marilyn, Wenonah, N.J.  
Gordon, Miss Meta, Calgary, Alta.  
Hains, Douglas, Montreal, Que.  
Hamilton, Mrs. A. C., Golden, B.C.  
Hamilton, Miss Nancy, Calgary, Alta.  
Hanley, Miss Olive, Winnipeg, Man.  
Heideman, Charles, Chicago, Ill.  
Hendrie, Miss M. P., Calgary, Alta.  
Holliday, Miss Vera, Nelson, B.C.  
Helliwell, Miss Norah, Winnipeg, Man.  
Harper, Miss Jane V., Chicago, Ill.  
Hinder, Miss Hilda F., Victoria, B.C.  
Hoff, John Barbery, Reading, Pa.  
Holmes, Miss Clara, Winnipeg, Man.  
Holmes, E. P., Calgary, Alta.  
Holland, Leonard, Vancouver, B.C.  
Hollander, Sidney, Baltimore, Md.  
Hollander, Mrs. Sidney, Baltimore, Md.  
Howard, H. E., Calgary, Alta.  
Howard, P. M., Calgary, Alta.  
Howard, Mrs. P. M., Calgary, Alta.  
Hrubesh, Miss Helen, Cedar Rapids, Ia.  
Hull, Norman, Montreal, Que.  
Jennings, Major P. J., Banff, Alta.  
Jones, C. A., London, England  
Jones, Miss Rilla, Calgary, Alta.  
Keith, Miss Mary, Edmonton, Alta.  
Kellermann, Maurice, New York, N.Y.  
Kelly, A. R., Haney, B.C.  
Kelly, W. M., Calgary, Alta.  
Kenyon, Miss Grace, Chicago, Ill.  
Kidd, Miss Effie, Calgary, Alta.  
Kippen, Miss Evelyn, Calgary, Alta.  
Koenig, Miss Elizabeth, Chicago, Ill.  
Koontz, Mrs. A. G., Ottumwa, Iowa.  
Laidlaw, F. L., Winnipeg, Man.  
Lark-Horovitz, Dr. K., Lafayette, Indiana.  
Lamar, Mrs. Irene, Calgary, Alta.  
Lamont, Miss May, Calgary, Alta.  
Larson, Miss Inez E., Minneapolis, Minn.  
Lauer, Miss Edith, Baltimore, Md.  
Leacock, Leonard, Calgary, Alta.  
Leif, Miss Peggy, Calgary, Alta.  
Lensing, Miss Genevieve, Cleveland, O.  
Lockhart, Miss Araby, Montreal, Que.  
Lovell, Charles Julien, Pasadena, California  
Lum, Dr. Frederick H., Jr., Chatham, N.J.  
Lum, Mrs. Frederick N., Jr., Chatham, N.J.  
Lefson, Mrs. Einar, Vermillion, S.D.  
MacDonald, Mrs. J. Hembroff, Wpg., Man.  
MacDonald, Jack, Winnipeg, Man.

MacFarlane, Margaret E., Saskatoon, Sask.  
Martin, G. C., Calgary, Alta.  
Martin, Miss Irene, Cicero, Ill.  
Martin, Miss Helen, Calgary, Alta.  
Mathews, F. T., Calgary, Alta.  
Mathewson, Miss Hope, New York, N.Y.  
Mather, Miss Joan, Calgary, Alta.  
Maunsell, Miss Elizabeth, Toronto, Ont.  
Maunsell, Miss Frances, Toronto, Ont.  
Maunsell, J. Q., Toronto, Ont.  
Maxwell, Miss Clara, New Westminster, B.C.  
Mayor, Miss S. W., Calgary, Alta.  
Mawhinney, Miss Grace, Calgary, Alta.  
McCaffrey, Miss Emily, Russell, Ont.  
McCowan, Miss Mamie, Brandon, Man.  
McEvoy, Mrs. Ruth, Detroit, Mich.  
McKeown, Miss Muriel, Salmon Arm, B.C.  
McMurtry, Miss Eleanor, Calgary, Alta.  
Merk, Oswald E. D., Naugatuck, Conn.  
Measurol, David W., West Chester, Penna.  
Measurol, Mrs. David W., West Chester, Penna.  
Moodie, Miss Marcella, East Kelowna, B.C.  
Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.  
Morant, Nicholas, Montreal, Que.  
Morant, Mrs. Nicholas, Montreal, Que.  
Moore, Mrs. Barbara, Edmonton, Alta.  
Moore, Miss I. Diana, London, England  
Moore, R. O., London, England  
Mulvey, J. C., Tacoma, Wash.  
Miller, Miss Mary, Burford, Ont.  
Mitchell, Mr. B., Woodbury, N.J.  
Nelson, Henty, New York, N.Y.  
Nelson, Miss Jeanne, Calgary, Alta.  
Nichols, Graham, Montreal, Que.  
Nicholls, Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.  
Nicholls, Mrs. Frederick W., Jr., Reading, Pa.  
Niven, Miss Bunty, Calgary, Alta.  
Noble, Miss Ella, Calgary, Alta.  
Niven, Mrs. F., London, Eng.  
O'Brien, W. J., East Orange, N.J.  
Ogosen, Miss Mabel L., Buffalo, N.Y.  
Omehundro, Mrs. H. P., Scottsville, Va.  
Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Palenske, R. H., Wilmette, Ill.  
Palenske, John, Wilmette, Ill.  
Palmer, John, Calgary, Alta.  
Park, Miss Lorna, Calgary, Alta.  
Payne, Mrs. John, Calgary, Alta.  
Peck, Miss G., Moose Jaw, Sask.  
Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.  
Phillips, Mrs. W. J., Calgary, Alta.  
Phillips, W. J., Calgary, Alta.  
Porter, Miss Eva, Calgary, Alta.  
Preston, Mrs. Carvel, Salmon Arm, B.C.  
Pritchards, Miss K., Nelson, B.C.  
Packham, Miss Mabel, Calgary, Alta.  
Quehl, Mrs. E. B., Battleford, Sask.  
Ran say, Miss Helen, Edmonton, Alta.  
Rabinowitz, Edwin X., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Rawlings, Miss Fat, Seebe, Alta.  
Rea, Dr. George, Saskatoon, Sask.  
Redfern, Miss Edna, Calgary, Alta.  
Reesor, Miss Marion, Brandon, Man.  
Reid, Mrs. Charles, Banff, Alta.  
Reid, Miss Ruth, Edmonton, Alta.  
Richards, C. A., Calgary, Alta.  
Richards, Mrs. C. A., Calgary, Alta.  
Riddoch, Miss Beth, Calgary, Alta.  
Riley, Mrs. Robert C., Calgary, Alta.  
Ritchie, Miss Peggy, Salmon Arm, B.C.  
Rice, Wallace H., Kansas City, Mo.  
Roberts, Tom, Montreal, Que.  
Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, England  
Robinson, Miss Peggy, Banff, Alta.  
Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.  
Rourke, Miss Shirley, Calgary, Alta.  
Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.  
Russell, Capt. E. N., Victoria, B.C.  
Riley, Miss Pat, Calgary, Alta.  
Sabin, Mrs. Helen, Winfield, Alta.  
Sampson, H. E., K.C., Regina, Sask.  
Sandman, Miss Ida, New York, N.Y.



## MEMBERSHIP LIST TO NOVEMBER, 1946—Continued

Sanson, N.B., Banff, Alta.  
 Sanger, Miss Gladys, New York, N.Y.  
 Sayers, Miss Molly, London, England  
 Sherwood, Dr. T. K., Boston, Mass.  
 Shulman, L. W., Calgary, Alta.  
 Sieburth, Mrs. Mary, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Sieburth, Miss Louise, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Slane, Henry, Peoria, Ill.  
 Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.  
 Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.  
 Somerville, Dr. A., Edmonton, Alta.  
 Somerville, Ian C., Willow Grove, Pa.  
 Somerville, Mrs. L., Willow Grove, Pa.  
 Speakman, Tom, Winnipeg, Man.  
 Speakman, Miss Gena M., Calgary, Alta.  
 Stewart, Miss Jean, Fort William, Ont.  
 Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.  
 Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.  
 Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.  
 Stratton, Robert, Woodbury, N.J.  
 Struthers, Miss Betsy, Calgary, Alta.

Spalding, Miss K., Calgary, Alta.  
 Sutherland, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.  
 Tilem, Dr. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Thomas, Miss D. M., Malvern, England  
 Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.  
 Turner, Miss Dorothy, Calgary, Alta.  
 Tye, Miss Madeline, Calgary, Alta.  
 Vallance, Sydney R., Calgary, Alta.  
 Vallance, Peter, Calgary, Alta.  
 Vaillance, Mrs. S., Calgary, Alta.  
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.  
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.  
 Walker, Major W. J. Selby, Calgary, Alta.  
 Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.  
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.  
 Ward, J. R., Bronxville, N.Y.  
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.  
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.  
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.

Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Alta.  
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.  
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.  
 Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.  
 Wheeler, Brigadier, Sir Edward Oliver, M.C.  
 (Surveyor General of India)  
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Delhi, India  
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.  
 Wilder, Miss Emma N., La Crosse, Wis.  
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.  
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.  
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.  
 Wurzbarger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.  
 Wurzbarger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.  
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.  
 Wylie, Miss Margaret, Calgary, Alta.  
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.  
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.

### UNCHARTERED MEMBERS

Adams, Miss Nellie V., Atlantic Beach, Fla.  
 Allan, Mrs. H. M., Lyria, Sask.  
 Bond, Mr. George B. R., Calgary, Alta.  
 Bond, Mrs. George B. R., Calgary, Alta.

Brock, Major F. Freer, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Jack, Mrs. Laurence E., Melrose, Mass.  
 Lovell, Charles Julien, Pasadena, Cal.  
 Mills, Ike, Banff, Alta.

Neild, Miss Resa, and, Toronto, Ont.  
 Phelan, Miss Mary Joyce, Toronto, Ont.  
 Wilson, Miss Ada, Alberni, B.C.

*(Kindly advise the Secretary-Treasurer of any mis-spelt names or incorrect addresses)*

## Passenger List - Skyline Hikers Camp - Little Yoho

August 1946

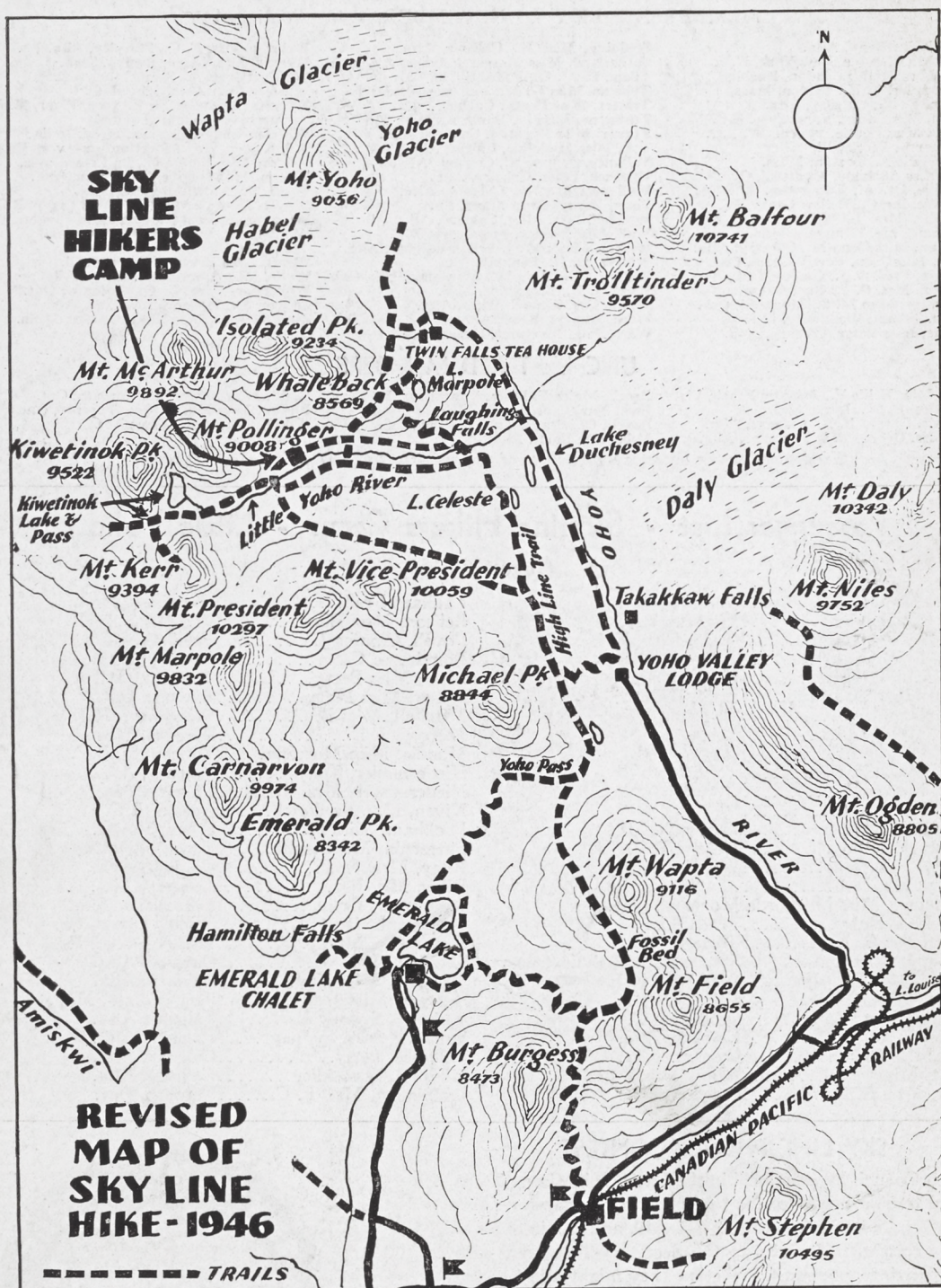
Arnott, Frank.....	Toronto, Ont.	Laidlaw, Fred.....	Winnipeg, Man.
Bales, Miss Vivian.....	Victoria, B.C.	Leifson, Mrs. Einar.....	Vermillion, S.D.
Bell, Miss Betty Carl.....	Ocean City, N.J.	Lovell, Charles J.....	Passadena, Cal.
Bilton, Miss Irene.....	Calgary, Alta.	Martin, G. C.....	Calgary, Alta.
Boyd, Miss Evelyn.....	Picton, Ont.	Maw, Miss Betty.....	Toronto, Ont.
Brown, Miss Sheila C.....	Trail, B.C.	Miller, Miss Mary.....	Burford, Ont.
Baron David.....	St. Louis, Miss.	Mitchell, Miss B.....	Woodbury, N.J.
Baron Mrs. David.....	" " "	Mulvey, J. L.....	Tacoma, Wash.
Baron, Charles.....	" " "	Moodie, Miss Marcella.....	Vancouver, B.C.
Baron, Mrs. Charles.....	" " "	Niedermayer, Tony.....	Calgary, Alta.
Baron, Morton D.....	" " "	Niedermayer, Mrs. Marie.....	Calgary, Alta.
Baron, Harold D.....	" " "	Niven, Mrs. Frederick.....	Nelson, B.C.
Calhoun, Miss Joyce.....	Vancouver, B.C.	Packham, Miss Mabel.....	Calgary, Alta.
Dawson, Miss Sheila.....	Nelson, B.C.	Patterson, Miss Sacha.....	Toronto, Ont.
Diverty, Miss Jane.....	Woodbury, N.J.	Riley, Mrs. R. C.....	Calgary, Alta.
Diverty, Marshall.....	"	Riley, Miss Pat.....	Calgary, Alta.
Drummond, Miss M. Warda.....	Montreal, Que.	Somerville, Dr. A.....	Edmonton, Alta.
Elvin, Miss Ruby.....	Trail, B.C.	Somerville, Jan C.....	Willow Green, Pa.
Everett, Dr. G. M.....	Chicago, Ill.	Somerville, Mrs. J. C.....	Willow Green, Pa.
Gibbon, J. Murray.....	Ste. Anne de Bel'vue, Que.	Shulman, Lou W.....	Calgary, Alta.
Godfrey, Miss Marvyn.....	Wenonah, N.J.	Spalding, Miss Kay.....	Calgary, Alta.
Gordon, Miss Meta.....	Calgary, Alta.	Stewart, Miss Jean.....	Fort William, Man.
Hamilton, Mrs. B.....	Golden, B.C.	Vallance, Sydney R.....	Calgary, Alta.
Holmes, E. P.....	Calgary, Alta.	Vallance, Mrs. Sydney.....	Calgary, Alta.
Jones, Miss Rilla.....	Calgary, Alta.	Vallance, Peter.....	Calgary, Alta.
Knight, Miss Ethel.....	Banff, Alta.	Waddell, Mrs. Alice.....	Calgary, Alta.
Lamar, Mrs. E. P.....	Calgary, Alta.	Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C.....	Toronto, Ont.

### SKY LINE PHOTO CONTEST

At a Council Meeting held in the Little Yoho Camp it was decided to offer prizes for the best photographs taken on this year's Sky Line Hike — namely \$15, \$10, and \$5., in order of merit. Entries to be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer, with accompanying note stating whether they might also be used for the Bulletin. Latest date for receipt of entries is January 1st, 1947. Prints if possible should be on glossy paper and not larger than 8 x 10 . . . Fred Laidlaw will be *hors concours*. The Jury will consist of Armand Lafrenière, Official Photographer, C.P.R., J. Harry Smith, formerly Manager, C.P.R. Press Bureau, and James Crockart, well known artist of Montreal.







Next Years' Sky Line Hikers Camp will be (d.v.) at Egypt Lake. We shall have a map in the spring Bulletin which we hope will be c-rect.